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1911

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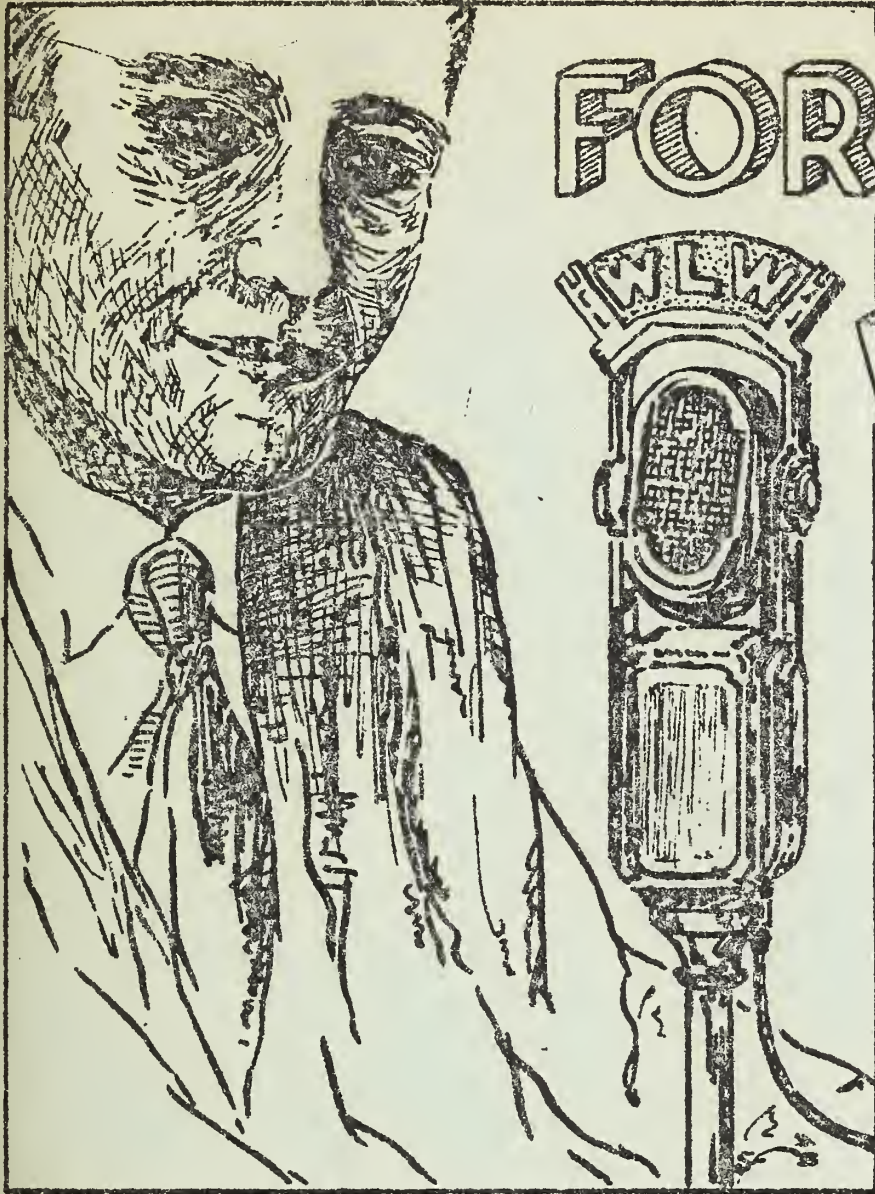
1911

# FORTUNES

# WASHED

# AWAY

A Series of  
Dramatizations  
of Better  
Land Use



No. 1147 February 15, 1941 1:15 p.m.

"PAUL BUNYAN'S FARM"

## W·L·W CINCINNATI

United States Department of Agriculture  
Soil Conservation Service  
Dayton · Ohio



# THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY

1910

To be used in  
the Department of  
Chemistry  
of the University of  
Chicago



W. H. C. C.

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SOUND: Whistling wind...

VOICE

Black blizzards across the plains.

SOUND OFF MIKE: Woman coughing...

SECOND VOICE

Biting wind!

DEEP VOICE

Choking dust.

SOUND: Up wind, set fire...

VOICE

Havoc...

SECOND VOICE

Destruction...

DEEP VOICE

Waste...

SOUND: Up wind, kill fire, set flood...

VOICE

Floods rushing down the great valleys.

VOICES IN UNISON

Floods, drowning, killing, wasting...

SOUND: Up wind...

DEEP VOICE

The wealth of America washing and blowing away -- soil erosion!

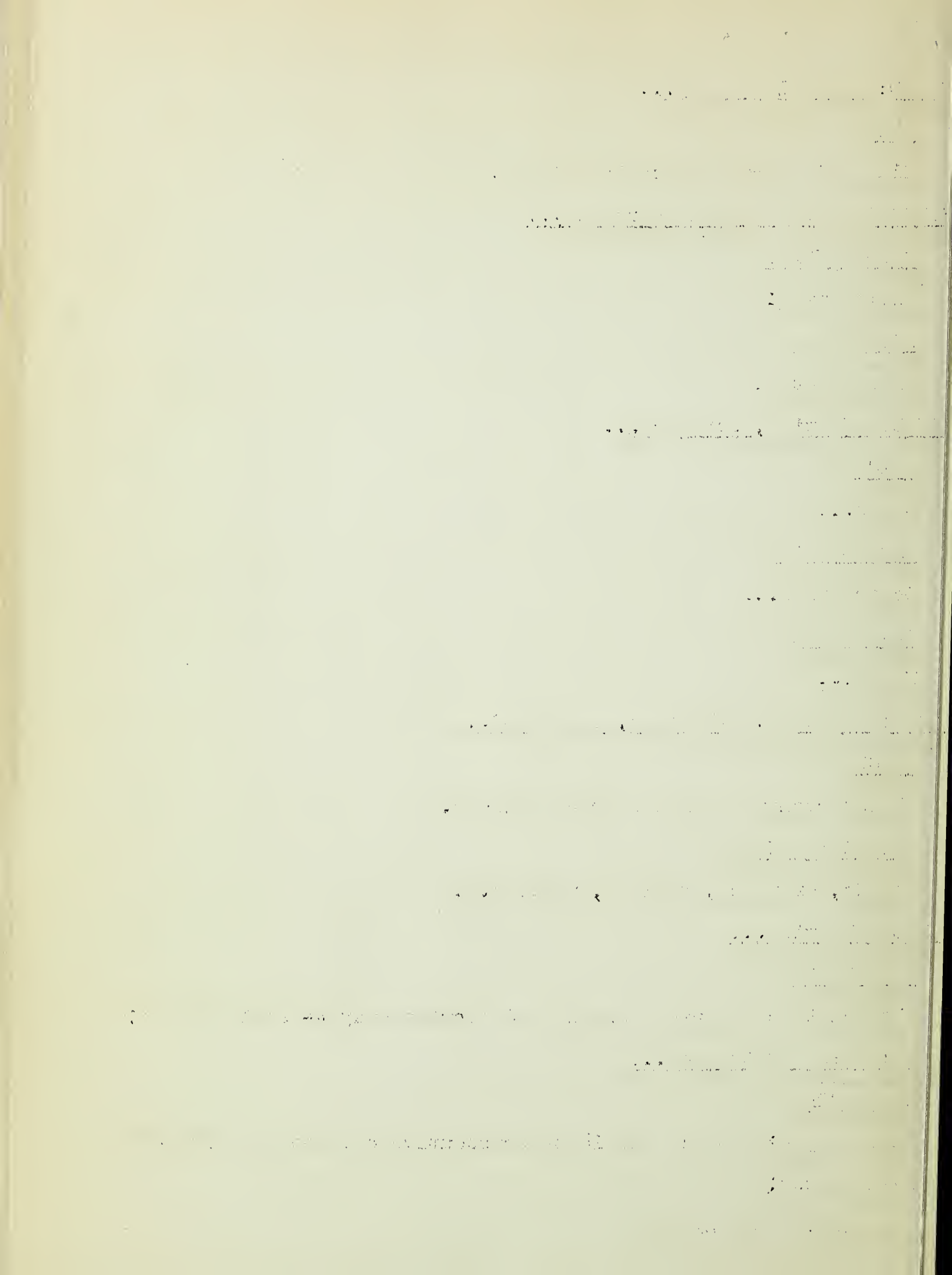
SOUND: Clap of thunder...

ANNOUNCER

Paul Bunyan's Farm: the 147th consecutive episode of Fortunes

Washed Away!

ORGAN THEME: DEEP RIVER.



ANNOUNCER

Whether there ever was a real Paul Bunyan is matter for conjecture, but he has indeed become a legend, a symbol of the mighty loggers who slashed their paths across this land of ours. Some say Bunyan is a fictionary character, others say the legend is founded upon the time when the French Canadians in the Two Mountains Country revolted against their young English queen. In this primeval wilderness there stormed into battle such a motley crew you will never see today -- loggers armed with mattocks, axes, and wood forks that had been steamed and warped into hooks. And leading them, so the story goes, was Paul Bunyan, mighty-muscled, fighting, bearded, powerful as Hercules, indomitable as Spartacus, bellowing like a furious Titan, raging like Samson among the Philistines. Out of this rebellion he came with a fame of his own -- the greatest logger of them all.

ORGAN: WOODLAND MUSIC.

ANNOUNCER

There are many stories about Paul Bunyan. Usually, the teller claims actual acquaintance with Paul. He worked for him on the Big Onion, or was with him The Spring When the Rain Came Up From China. The stories are told in perfect seriousness, and it is a standing rule that the teller must always tell the -- ahem -- "truth." Our scene is a dingy railway coach in Michigan. Three old-time loggers are talking when...

SOUND: Old railway train comes to halt...

OLE

What are we stopping for? Ain't nothing 'round here.

SWANSON

Nothing but sand.





OLE

Not like the old days when there was forests here.

SWANSON

You work up here then?

OLE

Me and Paul Bunyan. I worked for him.

OLD TIMER

You right sure about that, youngster?

OLE

Positive.

OLD TIMER

Reason I ask is, I worked up here myself.

SWANSON

My brother was one of the filers in Paul's shingle mill. And what a mill that was. 192 stories high, with a saw running through every floor. Only trouble was, he had to put hinges on the smokestacks to let the clouds go by.

OLD TIMER

Reckon you heard about how powerful he was when he was a kid.

OLE

Sure. He was a real Michigan man even then.

SWANSON

Naw...he was born in Maine.

OLE

Anybody that could do the things he did must've been from Michigan. Why, when he was only three weeks old he rolled around so much in his sleep that the government made him get out. He'd knocked down four square miles of standing timber.

The general character of the...

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OLD TIMER

Reckon you heard about the time he got Babe the Blue Ox.

OLE

Sure. That was the Winter of the Blue Snow. Paul was sitting in his cabin, just a thinking. The blue snow kept coming down. Once he got cold and he threw an armful of trees on the fire. He scratched his head with a pine tree that still had its boughs on it and then...(FADE)

SOUND: Boom of cannon, followed by roar of water...

OLE (IMPERSONATING BUNYAN)

What do I see in the moonlight? A white wave of water rolling over the blue beach. And what is that? Two ears as big as my two fingers! I shall see! Two strides and I will be there.

SOUND: Two loud crashes...

OLE (IMPERSONATING BUNYAN)

Why...a newborn calf! Umpf! You're so big it takes both of my arms to carry you! A blue ox calf. Eh, Be' Be'...Sacre Blue! Bon Blue, mon cher. From now on you are Babe, my Blue Ox!

SWANSON

That's right, Ole. Babe the Blue Ox measured 42 axe handles and a plug of chewing tobacco between the horns.

OLD TIMER

Reckon you boys heard about the time it got too dark to work.

OLE

Sure. Paul had Babe haul the Aurora Borealis down from the North. Course it took him six months to do it.

SWANSON

Then the camp moved to Kansas, and every time Babe sneezed he started a dust storm.

The first part of the report...

The second part of the report...

CONCLUSION

The results of the study...

The findings of the study...

The implications of the study...

The limitations of the study...

The recommendations of the study...



OLE

Yeah, and there was only one river nearby, and Babe the Blue Ox drank it dry every 15 minutes.

SWANSON

Then there was the winter of the big wind. It blew so hard that Shot Gunderson had to yell at the top of his voice to be heard, and he lost his voice. Ah, those were the days, men like Ole Oleson, Lars Larsen, Swan Swanson, Pete Peterson, Jens Jenson...

OLD TIMER

Don't forget Hotbiscuit Slim and Pea Soup Shorty.

SWANSON

Ah, that Pea Soup Shorty! He was our cook once, the fat, lazy rascal. He used to make our lunches by freezing pea soup and sending it out in sticks like big candles.

OLE

....and then he got kicked out when he began to boil the lake water and serve it as pea soup.

SWANSON

Yeah, Paul wouldn't put up for that. He was a jaw-hammering, chin-mauling, nose-pounding, side-stamping, cheek-tearing, rib-breaking, lip-pinching, back-beating, neck-choking, eye-gouging, tooth-jerking, arm-twisting, head-butting, beard-pulling, ear-biting, hell-roaring, hair-yanking, belly-whacking, heel-bruising, toe-holding, knee-tickling, shin-cracking....well, that was Paul Bunyan for you.

OLD TIMER

Either of you boys ever at his farm?

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SWANSON

Oh, that was a real farm. Big red clover blossoms all over the place. Paul had two bees, named Bum and Bill, who made the honey for 35,000 griddle cakes every day. The scissor-bills moved the hay, and the milk cows pastured on the stubble.

OLE

They were fine cows, too. No swell names like Wondrous Petunia Delilah or Champion Sir John Bowlegs. Just simple names like Sukie, and Bossie, and Samantha....

SWANSON

That Samantha, she was one! Samantha had a vast hankering for balsam boughs. In the winter she ate so many that her milk was used for cough medicine.

SOUND: Train bells, then train starts....

OLD TIMER

Well, guess we're moving on.

OLE

Don't forget his vegetable gardens, Swanson.

SWANSON

I'm not forgetting. The carrots grew so deep Paul had to use stump-pullers to get them out of the ground. It took two men an hour and a half to cut the average cabbage from its stalk. And the potatoes were so big Paul invented the steam shovel to dig them out. And in the chewing tobacco patch the tobacco grew in plugs and twists.

The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, including Mr. J. B. Smith, 123 Main St., and Mrs. A. C. Jones, 456 Elm St.

The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses, including Mr. D. E. Green, 789 Oak St., and Mrs. F. G. White, 1010 Pine St.

The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses, including Mr. H. I. Black, 1212 Cedar St., and Mrs. J. K. Brown, 1414 Birch St.

The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses, including Mr. L. M. Gray, 1616 Spruce St., and Mrs. N. O. Blue, 1818 Willow St.

The fifth part of the document is a list of names and addresses, including Mr. P. Q. Red, 2020 Ash St., and Mrs. R. S. Yellow, 2222 Hickory St.

The sixth part of the document is a list of names and addresses, including Mr. T. U. Purple, 2424 Sycamore St., and Mrs. V. W. Orange, 2626 Magnolia St.



OLD TIMER

Boys, you seem to know all about Paul Bunyan. Now you listen to me. When Paul had logged all the trees off of Michigan and pounded all the stumps down and got the land clear and smooth, he got a letter from the King of Sweden wanting to know if the soil was fertile. Course, he knew it was fertile, but how was he to prove it. It had him worried right smart. Thought first he would send Shagline over with a sample. Then he got another idea.

Paul took a kernel of corn and went out and planted it -- planted it four feet deep in a hole he'd made with his little finger. And do you know, he hadn't any more than turned his back until that corn was as high as his head. He sent Shagline up to cut the top off so it wouldn't grow no higher. But it wasn't more'n a minute 'til Shagline was out of sight.

"Cut the top off!" Paul yells. "Hurry Up!"

And Shagline yells back, "Can't do it, Paul!" Top not here anymore. He grow so fast I can't see him!"

So Paul knows it wouldn't do any good, so he yells for Shagline to come down, but he couldn't do it. Every foot he'd climb down, the cornstalk would grow three foot, and do you know, he'd have starved to death if Paul hadn't took out his shotgun and sent him up some biscuits and doughnuts.

Yessir, that soil sure was fertile. The King of Sweden wouldn't have believed that story if it hadn't been printed in the Kansas newspapers, and of course that made it true.



ORGAN: SNEAK IN WOODLAND MUSIC.

OLD TIMER

Well, boys, we've been spinning a few yarns, but if you'll look out the train window you'll see something not so funny. I remember the old days when this land was covered with forests... when the trees used to be standing tall and thick so that the only way you could look was straight up, and all you could see was a little patch of blue right above you. All you could smell was the smell of the firs and balsam and pine. Now, all along the West Coast of Michigan you see shifting sands, soil erosion. Man, through careless farming, has caused more damage than a thousand Paul Bunyans. It's up to man to correct his mistakes. We must become conservation farmers.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER

These are legends of Paul Bunyan -- priceless American folk lore. But the damage of soil erosion is no legend, and for further information we turn once again to the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, and here is Ewing Jones.

JONES

Thanks, John Cornell. I'm happy to report that Michigan farmers are doing plenty to correct past mistakes in land use, not only in the "shifting sands" areas along the Lake Michigan coast, but all over the state.





ANNOUNCER

For example...

JONES

By individual effort. There are men like Mario Acevido -- the son of a Michigan farm girl and a native of San Domingo. Mario spent his boyhood days on the farm near Marshall, in Calhoun County, but returned to the Dominican Republic. When his grandfather died, he was asked to operate the farm. He's done that in a mighty fine way, and the first thing he did was to install a complete soil conservation plan -- with no outside help other than that from S. L. Henry, his 4-H Club agent. He's done a swell job.

ANNOUNCER

Any others, Ewing?

JONES

Listen, John....it would take a man with John Bunyan's memory to list all of the conservation farmers. But I'll give you one more -- Neil Morrison, whose farm is near Williamsburg, up in the Cherryland region. A few years ago the County Agricultural Agent, Carl Hemstreet, went over his farm, and they both agreed that soil erosion was responsible for declining farm yields. Those yields have gone up since that time, because he, too, has installed a complete soil conservation plan.

ANNOUNCER

And of course federal and state agencies have aided other farmers.

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JONES

Oh, yes, the Triple-A, the Farm Security Administration, and the Soil Conservation Service have had a hand. The Agricultural Extension Service has helped plan individual demonstration farms. But the big trend, John, is through farmer cooperation.....

ANNOUNCER

...and that means soil conservation districts.

JONES

Definitely. Farmers have already organized eight soil conservation districts in the state, and others are underway. And speaking of cooperation, you ought to be at Grand Haven on April 19.

ANNOUNCER

What's the big occasion? A barbecue?

JONES

A barbecue will be part of it, but the main thing will be a tree planting bee, harking back to the days of husking bees and barn raisings. The whole town, almost, is going to turn out to plant some 83,000 trees on the sand dunes that are threatening the town's harbor...83,000 white, red, and scotch pines that will be planted on shifting sands that are covering the land logged over by the Paul Bunyans of yesteryear. Michigan is determined to save its soil.

ORGAN THEME: DEEP RIVER

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JONES (on cue)

One final word to those who wrote in for the liming bulletin two weeks ago. We had so many requests for this bulletin on liming that our supply is temporarily exhausted....so have patience for a few more days and you'll receive that bulletin. This is Ewing Jones, speaking for the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture....and goodbye until next week at this same time when we bring you the story of the Bell-Witch Cave...another chapter of "Fortunes Washed Away."

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

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